

*The History of*

*Hot.* My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,  
But I remember when the fight was done,  
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyle,  
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,  
Came there a certaine Lord; neat and trimly drest,  
Fresh as a Bridegroom; and his chin new reapt,  
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:  
He was perfumed like a Milliner,  
And twixt his finger and his thumbe hee held  
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon  
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Tooke it in snuffe, and still hee smilede and talkt,  
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,  
To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarce,  
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,  
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.  
He questioned me: among the rest demanded  
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.  
I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a Popinjay,  
Out of my grieue and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or hee should not, for he made me mad  
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweete,  
And talke so like a waiting-Gentle-woman,  
Of Guns & Drums, and wounds, God saue the markes;  
And telling me the soueraign'st thing on earth,  
Was Parmacity for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pittie, so it was,  
This villanous Saltpeter should be dig'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmelesse Earth;  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,  
He would haue beene himselfe a Souldier.  
This bald vniointed chat of his (my Lord)  
I answered indirectly (as I sayd)

And

*Henry the Fourth.*

And I beseech you, let not this report  
Come curtant for an accusation  
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.  
*Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my Lord,  
What er'e *Harry Piercy* then had sayd  
To such a person, and in such a place:  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and neuer rise,  
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he sayd, so he vsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet hee doth deny his prisoners,  
But with prouiso and exception,  
That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight  
His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,  
Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide  
The liues of those, that he did leade to fight,  
Against the great Magician, damned *Glendower*,  
Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,  
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then  
Be emptied to redeeme a traytor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fearcs,  
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues,  
No, on the barren Mountaine let him starue,  
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,  
To ransome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

*Hot.* Reuolted *Mortimer*?  
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,  
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,  
Nedes no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,  
When on the gentle *Sewernes* siedy banke  
In single opposition hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an houre,  
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,  
Vpon agreement of swift *Sewernes* flood,  
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

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